But welcome sweete *Clarence*, my daughter shalbe thine.
And now what rests but in nightes couerture,
Thy brother being carelesly encampt,
His Souldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guarde,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure:
Our Skoutes haue found the aduenture verie easie:
Then cry King *Henrie*, with resolued mindes,
And breake we presently into his tent.
Cla. Why then lets on our way in silent sort,
For *VVarwicke* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.
War. This is his Tent, and see where his guard doth stand.
Courage my Souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* shall be ours.
All. A *VVarwicke*, a *Warwicke*.

Alarmes, and Gloster and Hastings flies.

Oxf. Who goes there?
War. *Richard* and *Hastinges*, let them go: here is the Duke.
Edw. The Duke, why *Warwicke*, when we parted last,
thou caldst me King?
VVar. I, but the case is altred now.
When you disgraste me in my Embassage,
Then I disgraste you from being King,
And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*.
Alasse how should you gouerne any Kingdome,
That knowes not how to vse Embassadours,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherly:
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enemies.
Edw. Well *Warwicke*, let Fortune doe her worst,
Edward in minde will beare himselfe a King.
War. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands king,
But *Henrie* now shall weare the English Crowne.
Goe conuey him to our brother Archbyshop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbrooke*, and his followers,
Ile come and tell thee what the Lady *Bona* sayes:
And so for a while, farewell good Duke of *Yorke*.
Exeunt some with Edward.
Cla.

Cla. What followes
But we must dispatch
To tell the Queene of
And bid her come wit
VVar. I, thats the f
And free king *Henrie*
And see him seated in
Come, let vs haste awa
Ile post to *Yorke*, and s

Enter Gloster, H
Glo. Lord *Hastings*, a
Know, that the cause I
I looke my brother wit
Should come a hunting
The Bishop of *Yorke* b
And lets him vse his ple
Now I haue priuily sen
How I am come with
And see where the Hun

Enter Edwar
Huntf. This way my
Ed. No this way Hu
Now brother and the
What, are you prouide
Glo. I, I, the horse sta
Come to *Linne*, and so
Ed. Come then: H
I will requite your loue
Sheeld thee from *VVa*
And pray that I may re
Now Huntsman what
Huntf. Marrie my L
Goe with you, as tarry h
Ed. Come then, lets a

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